ROCKET RACCOON™
YOUNG • PARKER • BEAULIEU

MARVEL ENTERTAINMENT PROUDLY PRESENTS

ROCKET

GUARDIAN OF THE GALAXY, GUNSLINGER, GO-GETTER?!

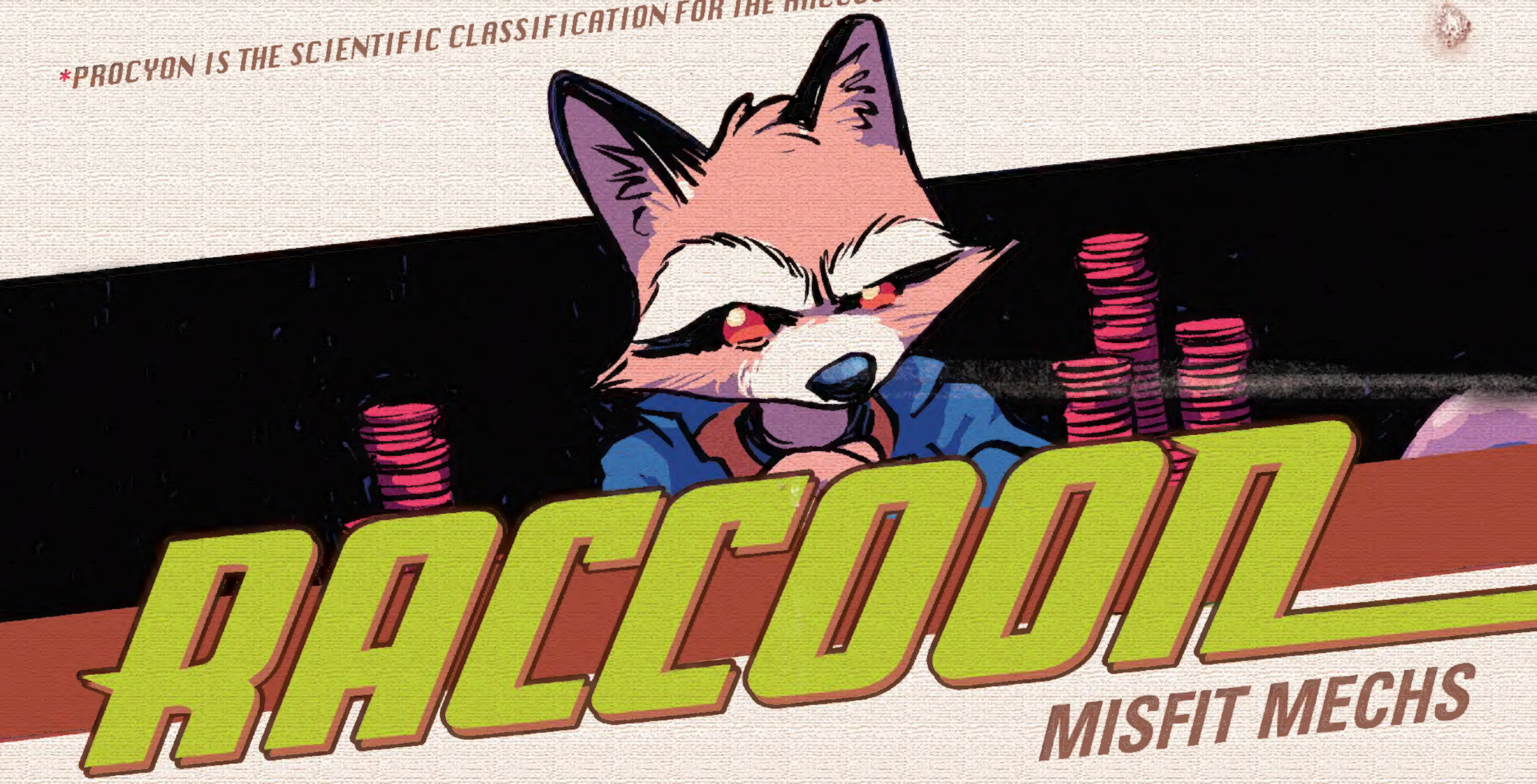
DID YOU KNOW RACCOONS ARE SCAVENGERS?

ROCKET'S NO DIFFERENT... EXCEPT HE MAY OR MAY NOT HAVE "SCAVENGED" SOME CREDITS OFF OF A FEW EXTRATERRESTRIALS.

CREDITS AS IN MOOLAH, THE BIG BUCKS, SPACE DOLLARS.

IN OTHER WORDS, OUR PAL THE PROCYON* HAS RACKED UP JUST A SMIDGE OF DEBT.

*PROCYON IS THE SCIENTIFIC CLASSIFICATION FOR THE RACCOON GENUS. NEAT! LEARNING!



skottie young
writer

jake parker
artist

jean-françois beaulieu
color artist

jeff eckleberry
letterer

skottie young
cover artist

jessica pizarro
production

devin lewis
assistant editor

sana amanat
editor

nick lowe
senior editor

axel alonso
editor in chief

joe quesada
chief creative officer

dan buckley
publisher

alan fine
executive producer

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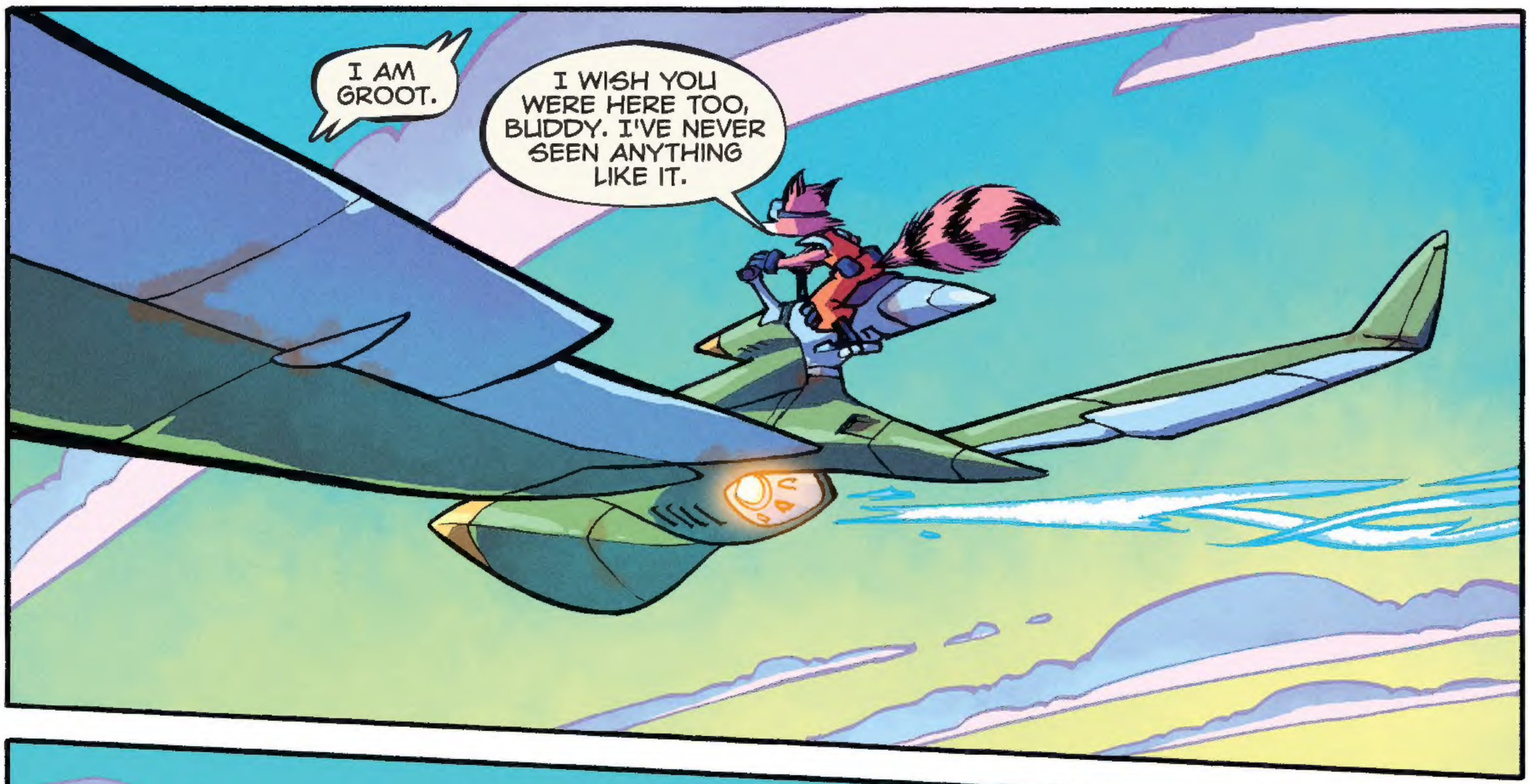
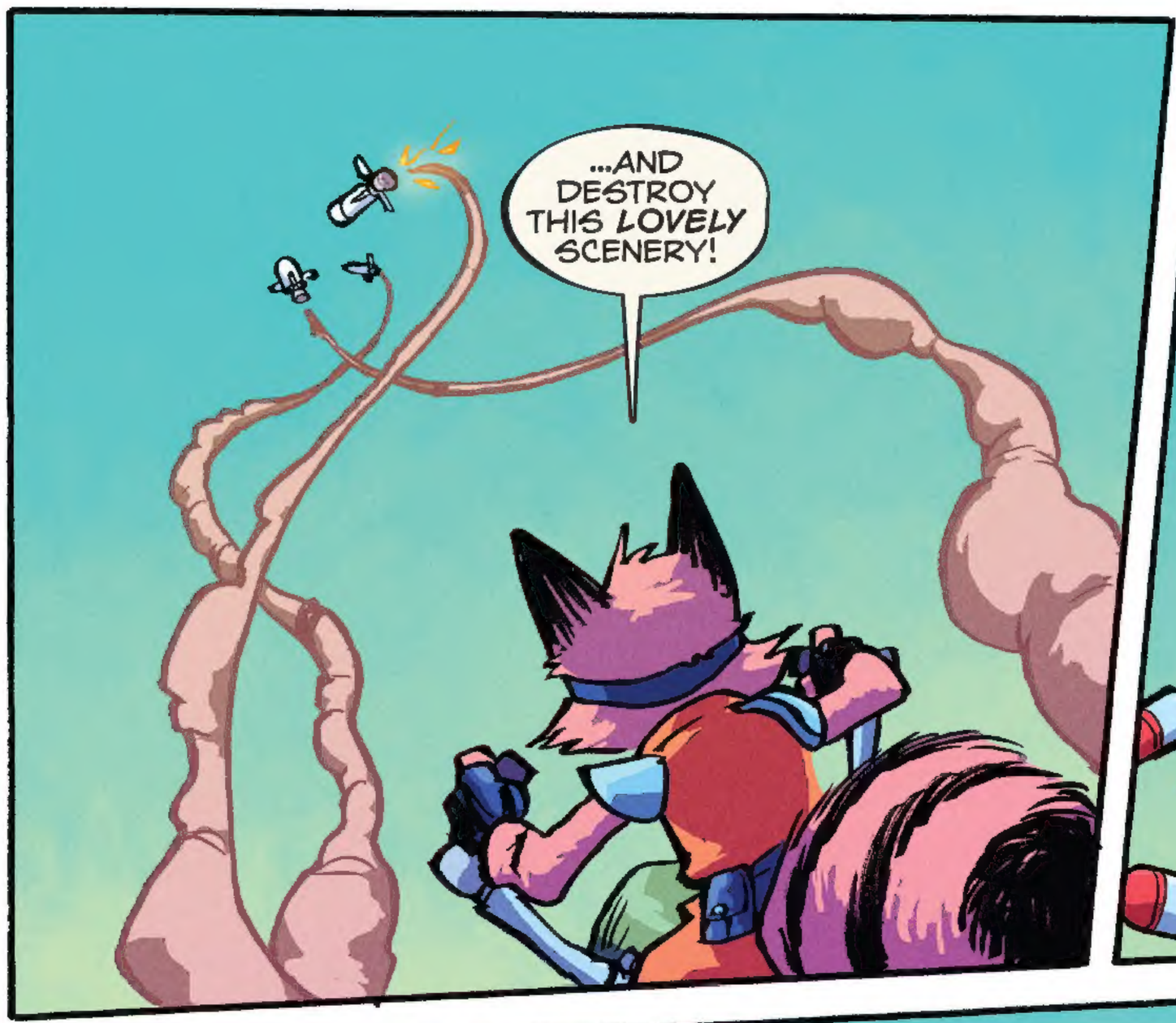
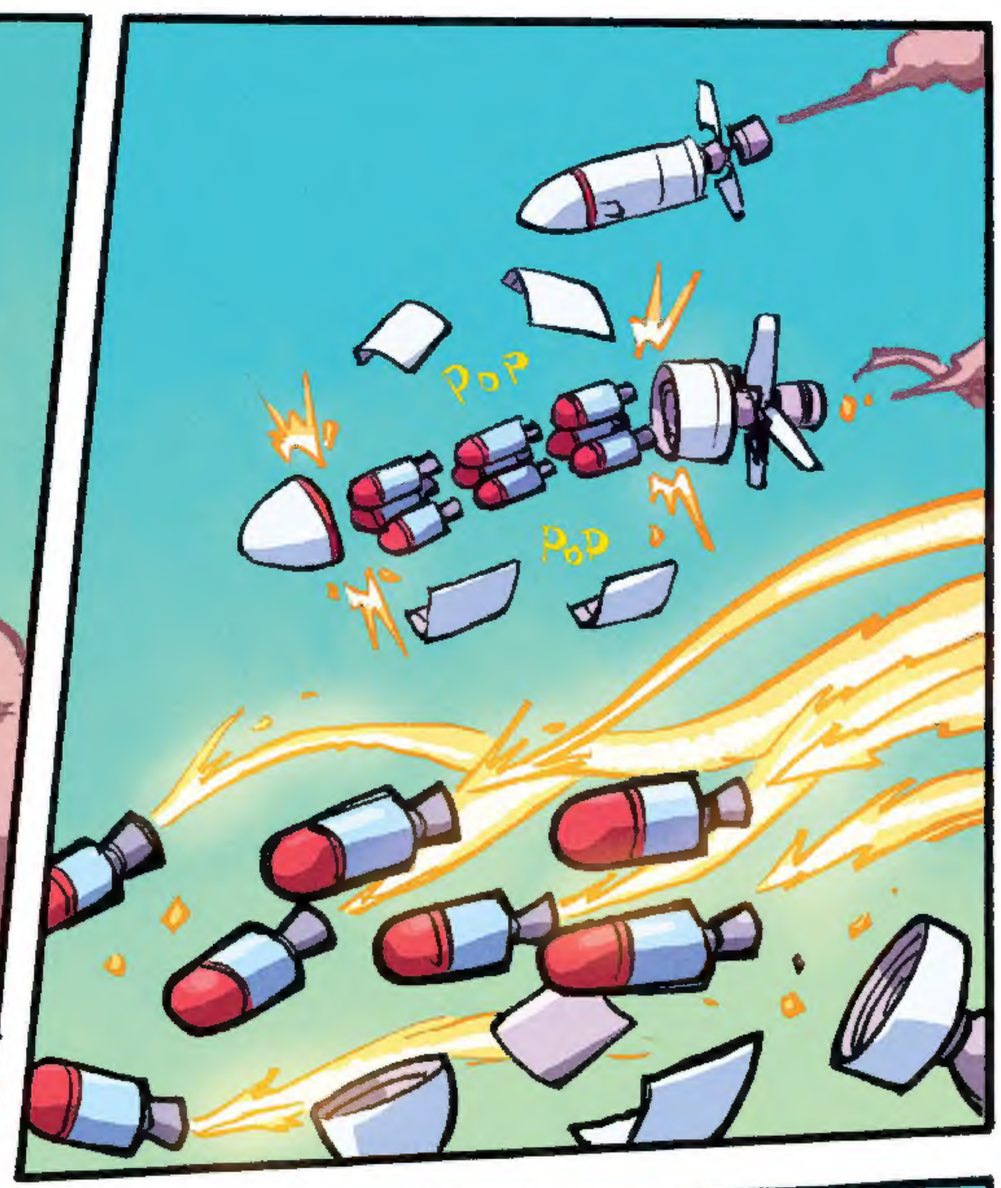

I AM GROOT.
I WISH YOU WERE HERE TOO, BUDDY. I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT.

THIS PLACE IS JUST PLAIN BEAUTIFUL.
WOOSH

IT'S REALLY TOO BAD I WAS ORDERED BY THE INTERGALACTIC COUNCIL OF JUSTICE TO PAY BACK ALL THAT MONEY TO THE PRINCESSES...
BECAUSE NOW I GOTTA TAKE ON JOBS LIKE THIS...
WRRRR
POP


...AND DESTROY THIS *LOVELY* SCENERY!


POP
POP

BOOM! MURDERED YOU!
AND YOU!
AND YOU!
AND YOU!
YOU GET THE POINT. YOU'RE ALL MURDERED.

IF YOU COULD JUST TOUCH THE SCREEN, I'LL GET YOUR RECEIPT AND BE ON MY WAY.
OKAY, NO RECEIPT. HAVE IT YOUR WAY.
SEE YA, EGO. GLAD I COULD HELP YOU WITH YOUR *LICE* PROBLEM.

...NIT NEUTRAL IN THE TAIL OF A COMET. LET THE VORTEX PULL MY WEIGHT. PUSH THE SEAT BACK A LITTLE LOWER...
WATCH LIGHT BEND IN THE BLOWER--
BLRRRP BLRRP BLRP

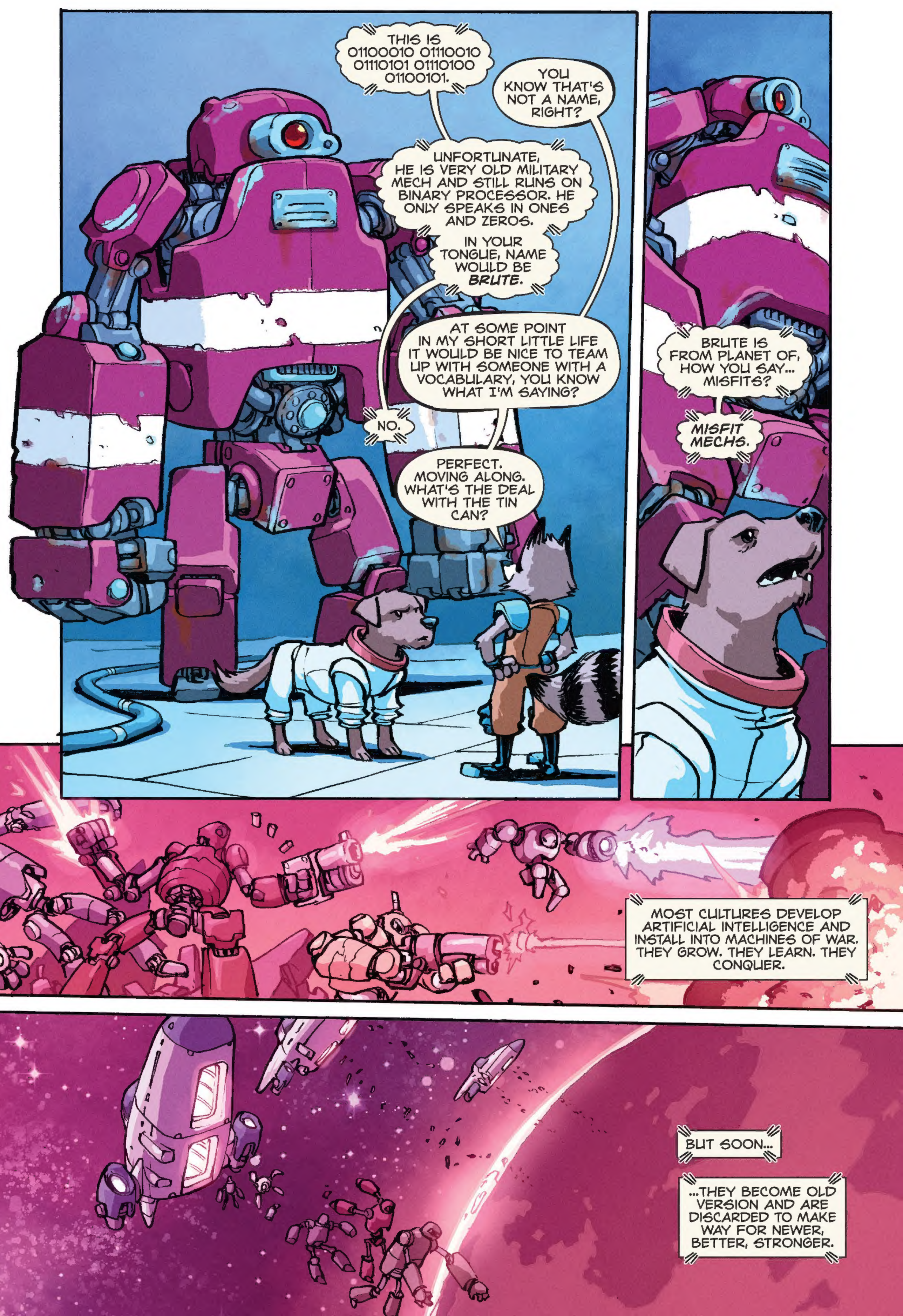
HEY PAL, WHAT'S UP?
CALLING FOR OWED FAVOR FROM ROCKET.
CLICK!

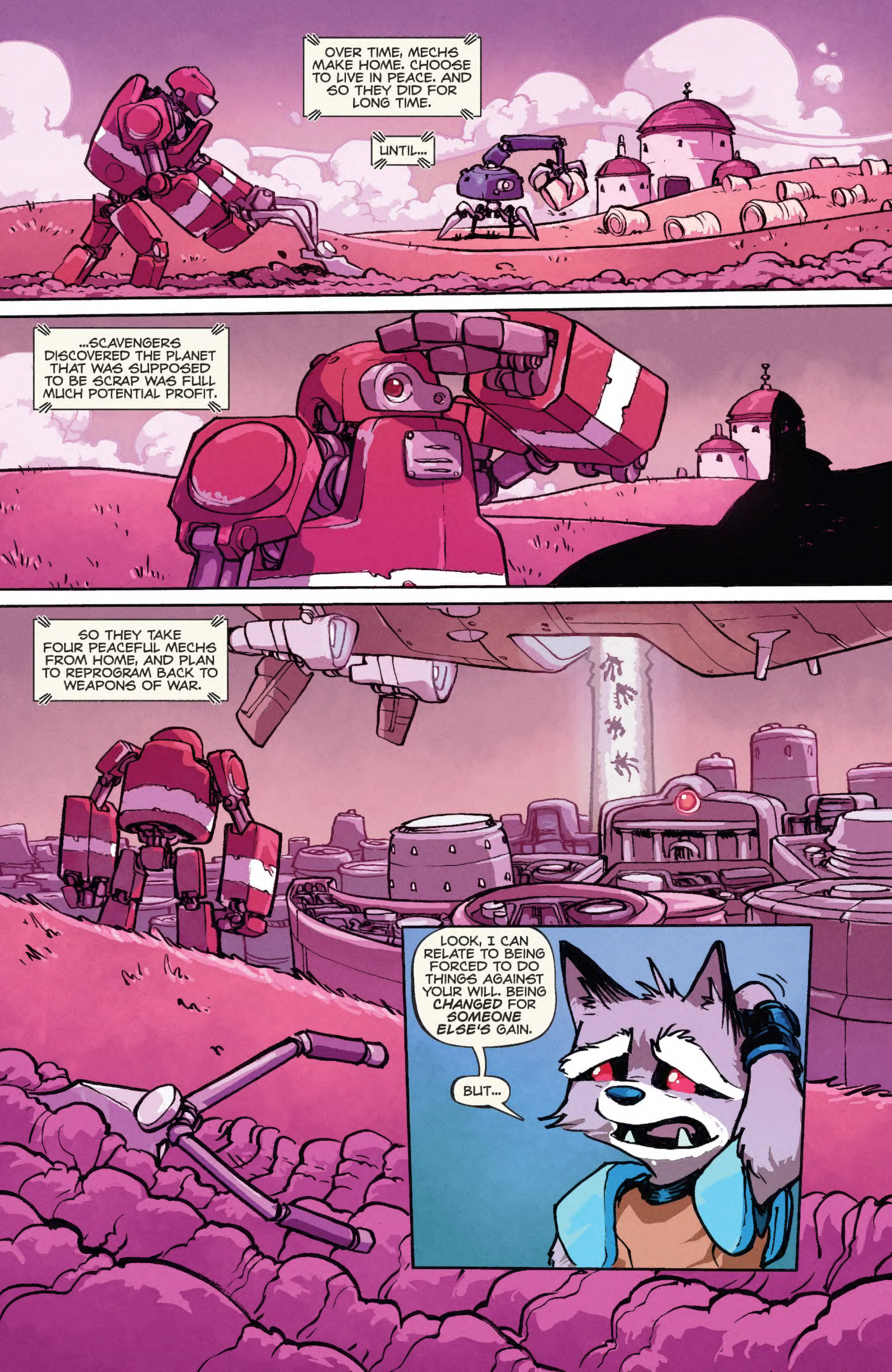
OF COURSE YOU ARE. BECAUSE WHY SHOULD I GET TO GO TO MY FANTASY GLOGGER DRAFT AFTER SPENDING A WEEK KILLING BUGS ON THE SCALP OF A LIVING PLANET?

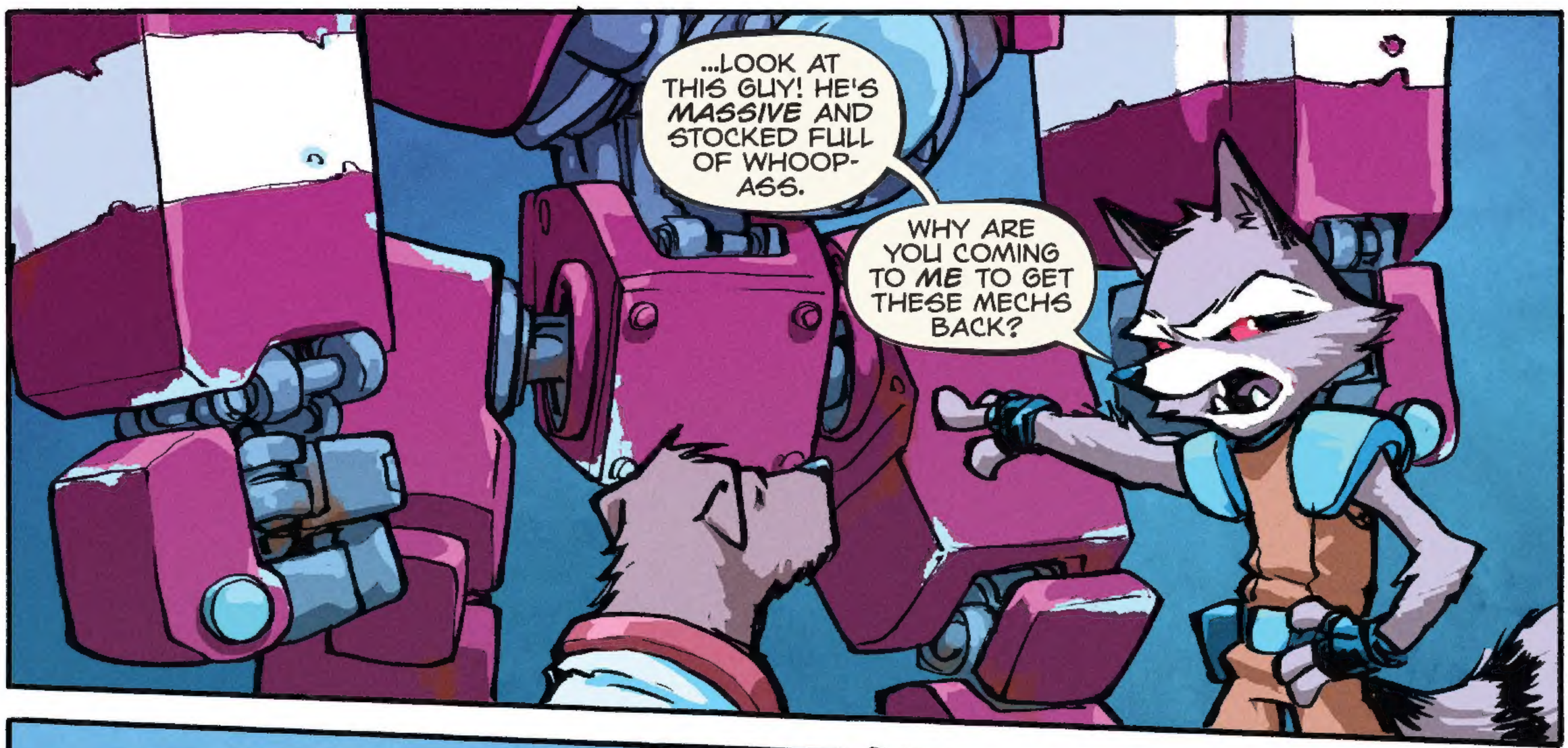
THAT FINE. IF NEXT TIME YOU NEED HELP OF ME I SAY BUSY AND YOU PROBABLY DIE HORRIBLE DEATHS.
IT'S DEATH, NOT DEATHS. YOU CAN ONLY DIE ONCE.
YOU ARE A SILLY AND KNOW THIS TO BE UNTRUTH.
WHATEVER. I'M ON MY WAY.

KNOWHERE. A PORT OF CALL NEAR THE END OF THE UNIVERSE. ALSO THE SEVERED HEAD OF AN ANCIENT CELESTIAL...SO YEAH, GROSS.

THIS TRIP IS INVOLVING WAY TOO MANY PLANET-SIZED HEADS.


THIS IS 01100010 01110010 01110101 01110100 01100101.
YOU KNOW THAT'S NOT A NAME, RIGHT?
UNFORTUNATE, HE IS VERY OLD MILITARY MECH AND STILL RUNS ON BINARY PROCESSOR. HE ONLY SPEAKS IN ONES AND ZEROS.
IN YOUR TONGUE, NAME WOULD BE BRUTE.
AT SOME POINT IN MY SHORT LITTLE LIFE IT WOULD BE NICE TO TEAM UP WITH SOMEONE WITH A VOCABULARY, YOU KNOW WHAT I'M SAYING?
NO.
PERFECT. MOVING ALONG. WHAT'S THE DEAL WITH THE TIN CAN?
BRUTE IS FROM PLANET OF, HOW YOU SAY... MISFITS?
MISFIT MECHS.
MOST CULTURES DEVELOP ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE AND INSTALL INTO MACHINES OF WAR. THEY GROW. THEY LEARN. THEY CONQUER.
BUT SOON...
...THEY BECOME OLD VERSION AND ARE DISCARDED TO MAKE WAY FOR NEWER, BETTER, STRONGER.


OVER TIME, MECHS MAKE HOME. CHOOSE TO LIVE IN PEACE. AND SO THEY DID FOR LONG TIME.
UNTIL...
...SCAVENGERS DISCOVERED THE PLANET THAT WAS SUPPOSED TO BE SCRAP WAS FULL MUCH POTENTIAL PROFIT.
SO THEY TAKE FOUR PEACEFUL MECHS FROM HOME, AND PLAN TO REPROGRAM BACK TO WEAPONS OF WAR.
LOOK, I CAN RELATE TO BEING FORCED TO DO THINGS AGAINST YOUR WILL. BEING *CHANGED* FOR *SOMEONE ELSE'S* GAIN.
BUT...


...LOOK AT THIS GUY! HE'S *MASSIVE* AND STOCKED FULL OF WHOOP-ASS.
WHY ARE YOU COMING TO *ME* TO GET THESE MECHS BACK?

YOU KNOW THE PLACES UNDER ROCKS AND IN ALLEYS THAT COSMO, HEAD OF SECURITY, CANNOT ENTER WITHOUT CAUSING PROBLEM ON PROBLEM. YOU UNDERSTAND.
SURE, BUT WHY NOT THE AVENGERS OVER ME AND MY GUNS?
THAT IS PERSONAL ISSUE FOR COSMO AND ROCKET NOT NEED TO KNOW.

LET'S GO, BRUTE. IF YOU'RE ANYTHING LIKE MY REGULAR PARTNER WHO SEEMS TO TAKE HIS VACATIONS ANYTIME I ACTUALLY HAVE TO DO WORK, THEN I'M SCREWED AND YOUR FRIENDS MIGHT BE TOO.
10001110101.
CLASSIC.

ALL RIGHT, SINCE IT'S PERSONAL YOU'RE GONNA PAY ME TWENTY THOUSAND CREDITS *AND* WE'RE EVEN. NO MORE FAVORS.
NO MORE CALLS WITH YOUR BROKEN ENGLISH AND TALKING INTO MY BRAIN AND STUFF.

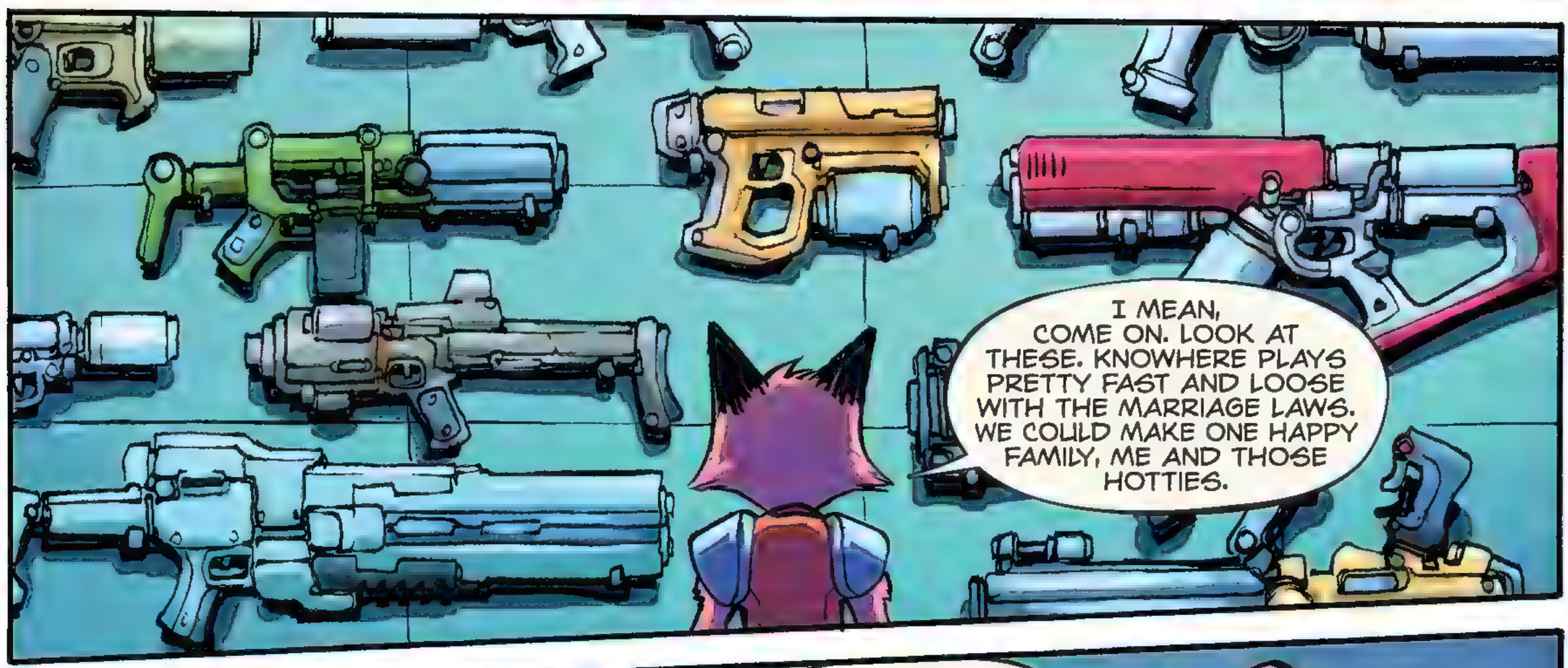
THERE'S REALLY A PLANET FILLED WITH YOU WAR-BOTS AND YOU JUST WHAT, PLANT CROPS?
BAKE PIES?
WATCH GILMORE GIRLS?
001010100011.
I HEAR THAT TONE. DON'T JUDGE.

KNOWHERE IS FILLED WITH ALL TYPES OF DANGEROUS CHARACTERS THAT DEAL IN JUST ABOUT ANYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF.

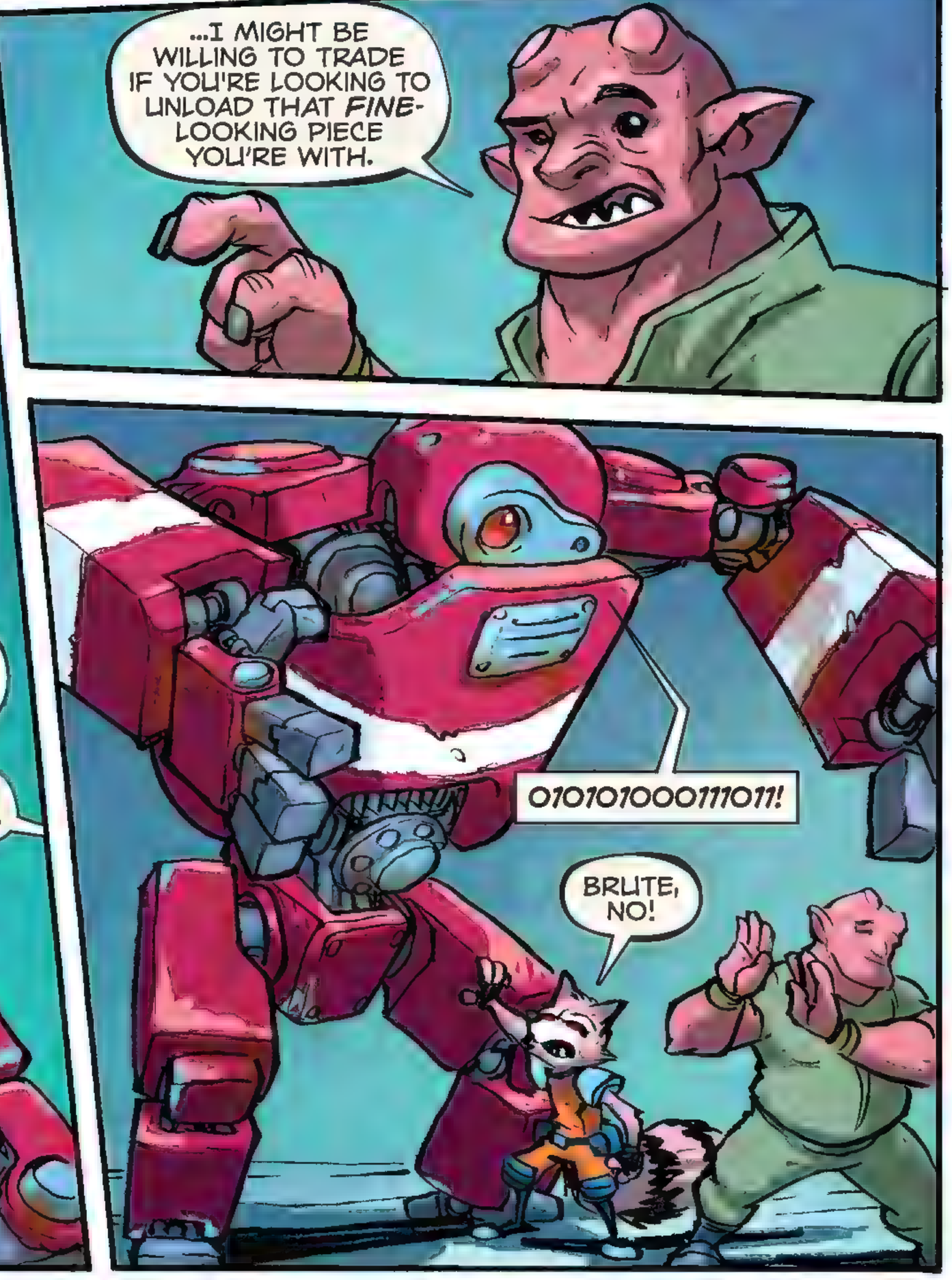
BUT WHEN IT COMES TO DEALING *WEAPONS*, THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE TO START--WE'RE LOOKING FOR A GUY NAMED *WRAPJE*.

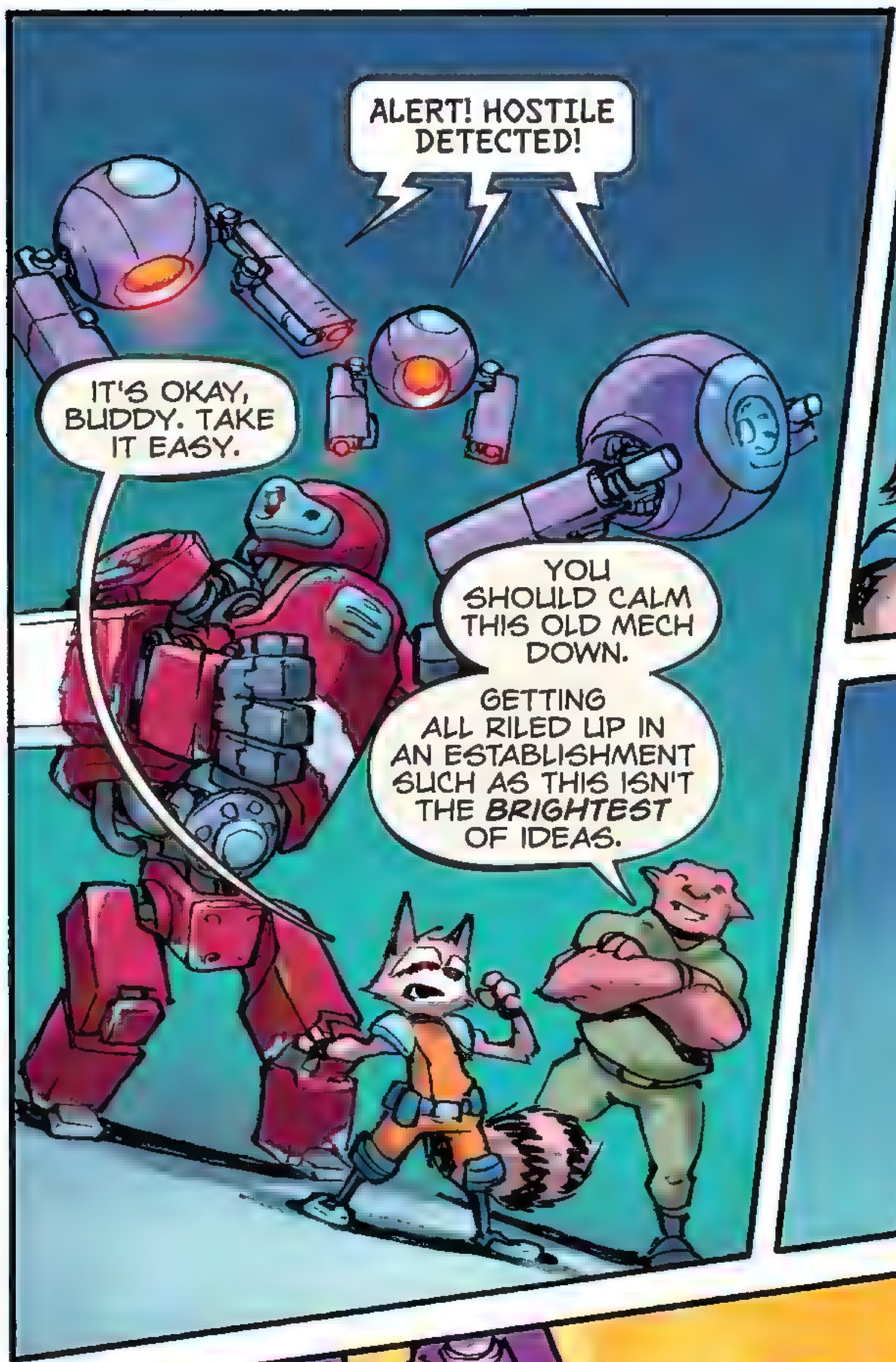
BUT BEFORE WE GO IN, I'M GONNA NEED YOU TO NOT GET ALL *MECHY* ON ANYONE. NO SHOOTING GUTS, FACES, ARMS...
YOU KNOW WHAT? JUST DON'T *SHOOT* ANY-THING.

THIS PLACE IS FILLED WITH CRIMINAL TYPES BUT IT'S HARD NOT TO GET A SPECIAL TINGLE WHEN YOU WALK IN HERE.

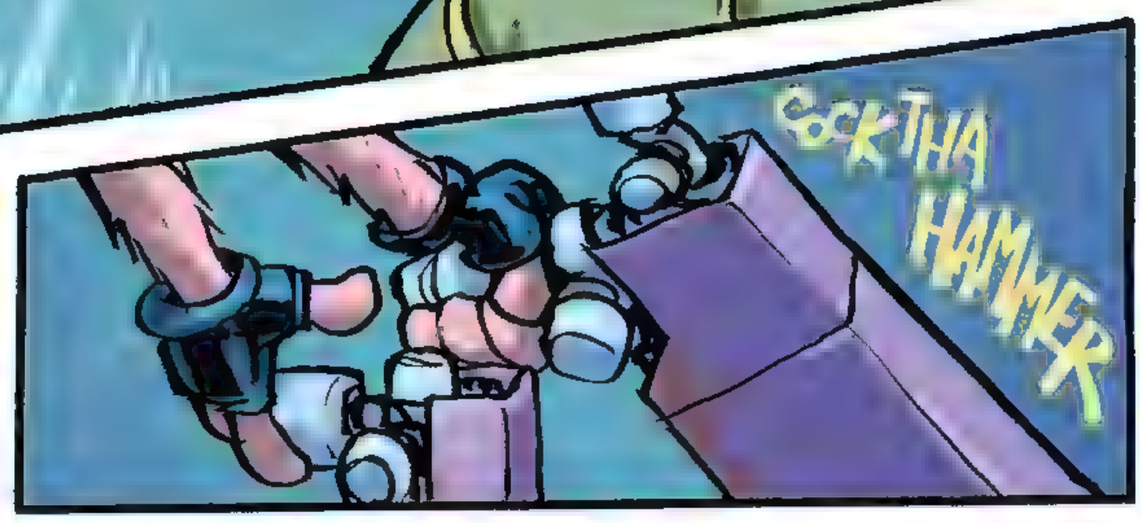

I MEAN, COME ON. LOOK AT THESE. KNOWHERE PLAYS PRETTY FAST AND LOOSE WITH THE MARRIAGE LAWS. WE COULD MAKE ONE HAPPY FAMILY, ME AND THOSE HOTTIES.

?
DON'T TRY TO TAKE MY DREAM, BRUTE.
IF YOU'RE INTERESTED...


...I MIGHT BE WILLING TO TRADE IF YOU'RE LOOKING TO UNLOAD THAT *FINE*-LOOKING PIECE YOU'RE WITH.
0101010000111011!
BRUTE, NO!

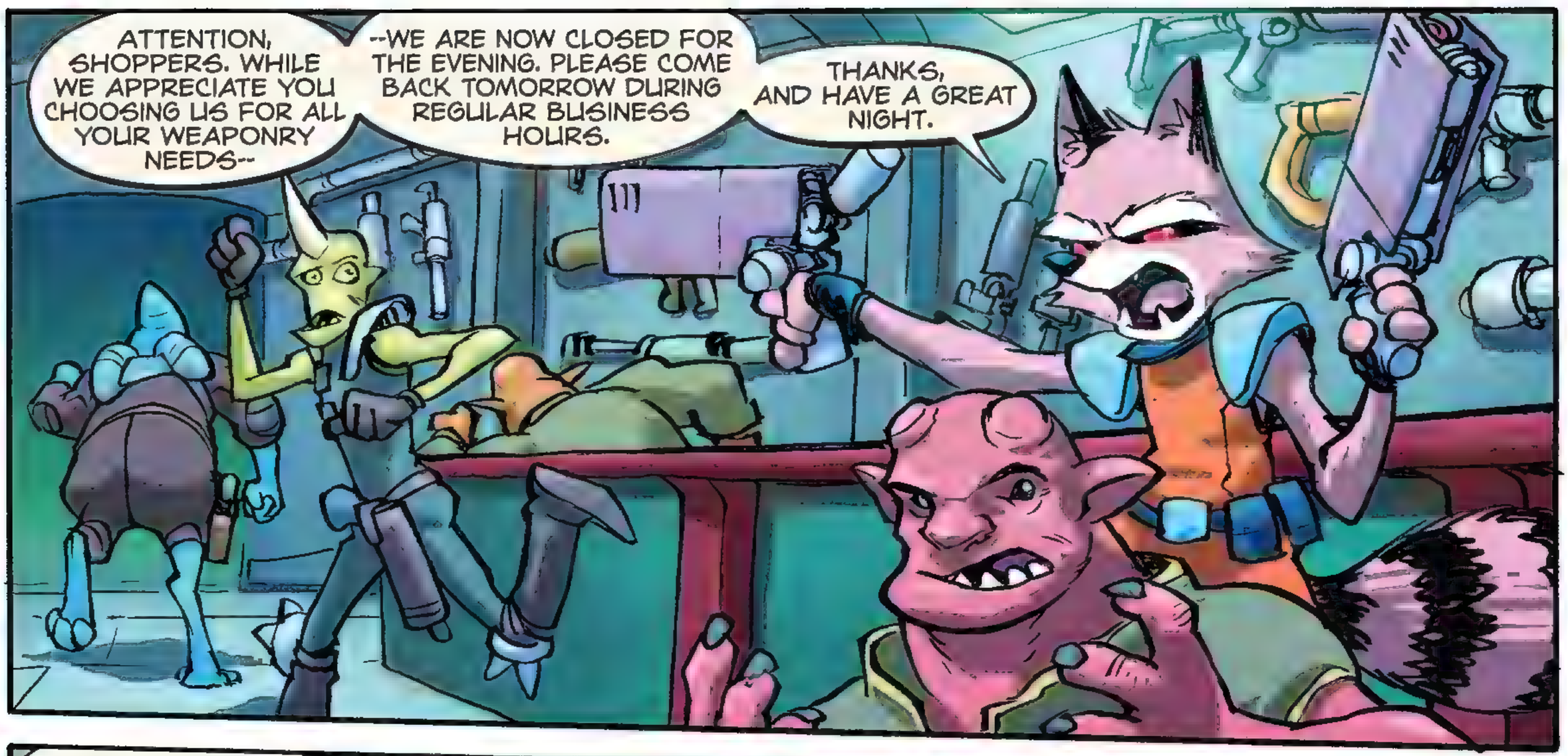

ALERT! HOSTILE DETECTED!
IT'S OKAY, BUDDY. TAKE IT EASY.
YOU SHOULD CALM THIS OLD MECH DOWN.
GETTING ALL RILED UP IN AN ESTABLISHMENT SUCH AS THIS ISN'T THE *BRIGHTEST* OF IDEAS.

SINCE YOU'RE MAKING TRADE OFFERS, I'M GOING TO ASSUME YOU'RE WRAPJE.
MAYBE?


SOCK THA HAMMER

WHOP
WHAM
BOUNCE

LET'S TRY THIS AGAIN. I ASSUME YOU'RE WRAPJE, YEAH?
YEAH, YEAH. THAT'S ME.

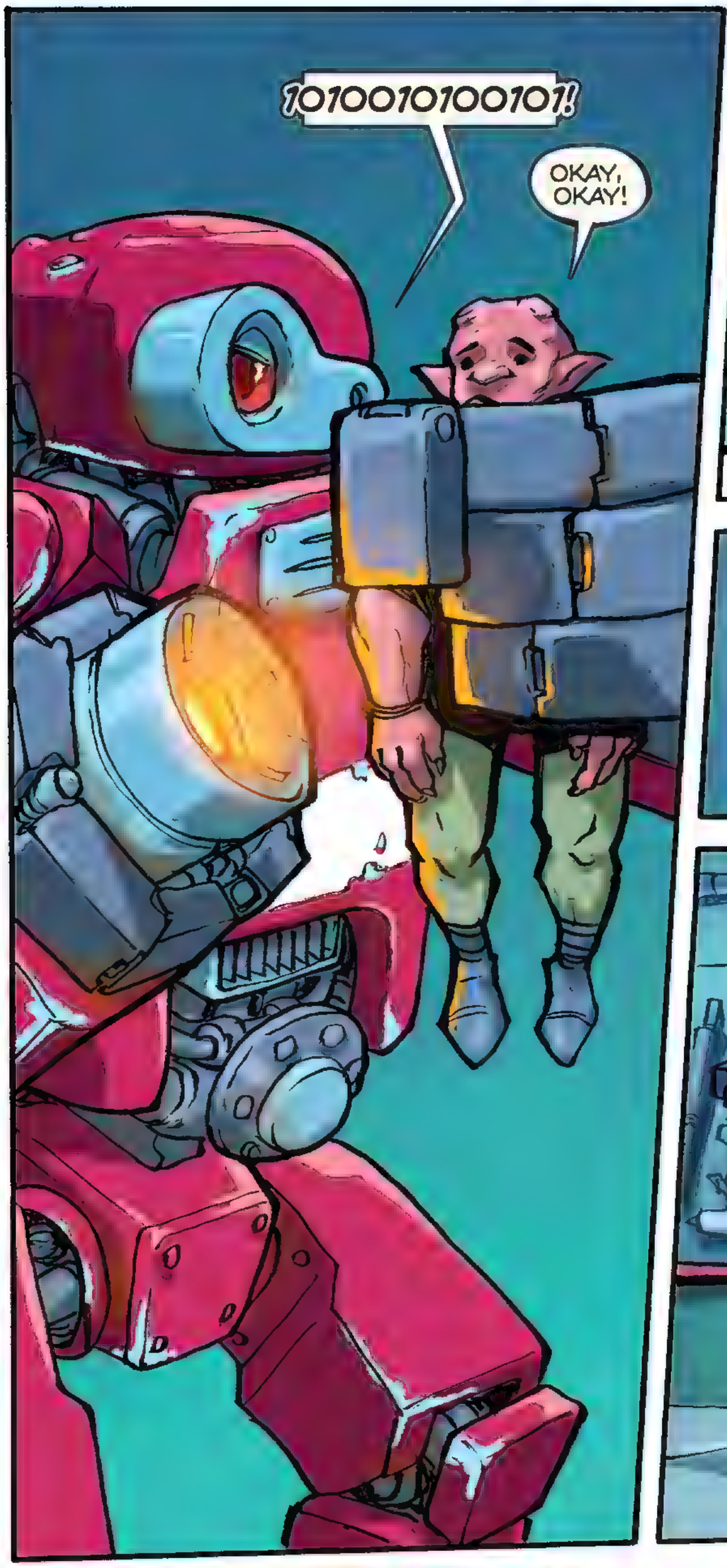

ATTENTION, SHOPPERS. WHILE WE APPRECIATE YOU CHOOSING US FOR ALL YOUR WEAPONRY NEEDS--
--WE ARE NOW CLOSED FOR THE EVENING. PLEASE COME BACK TOMORROW DURING REGULAR BUSINESS HOURS.
THANKS, AND HAVE A GREAT NIGHT.

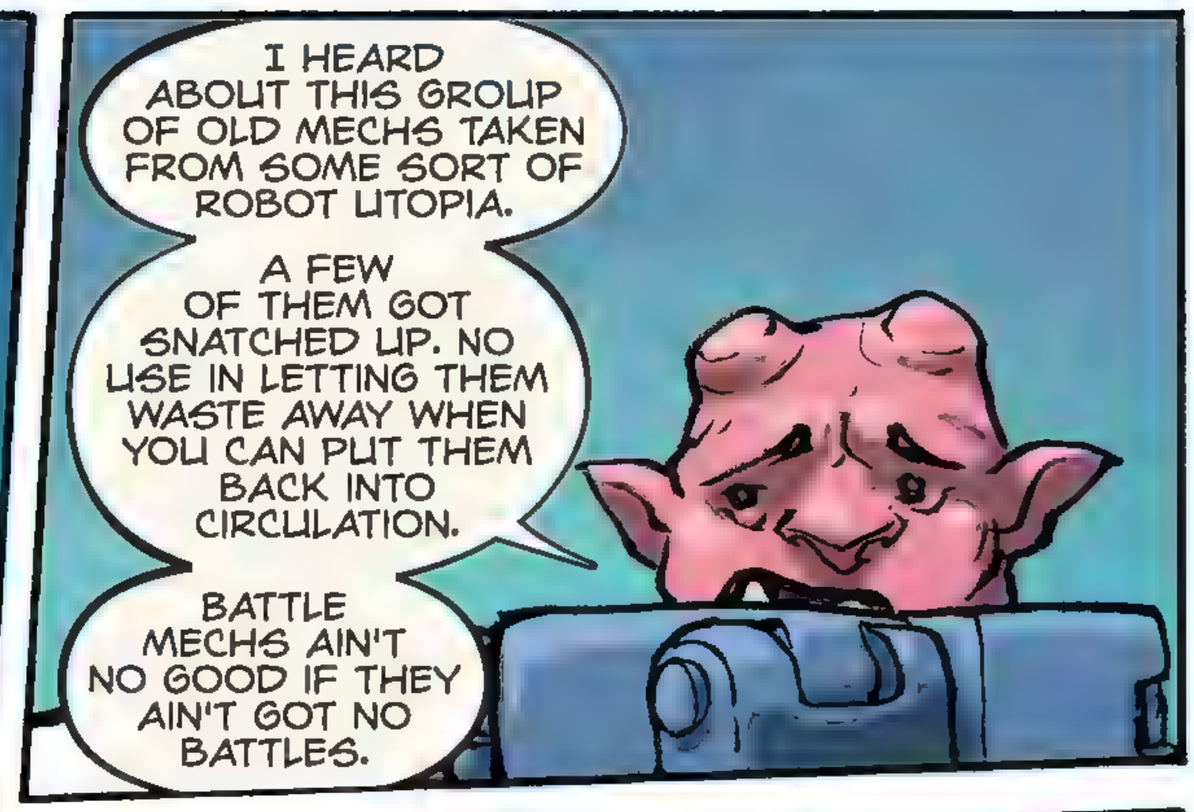
WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOME FRIENDS OF BRUTE HERE AND I HAVE A FEELING YOU KNOW WHERE WE COULD LOOK.
I DEAL IN GUNS, MAN. MORE PERSONAL PROTECTION TYPE STUFF. I DON'T PLAY AROUND WITH *A.I.* AND *MECHS*.

YOU GOT ME ALL WRONG. I'M NOT LIKE THAT. I'M JUST A--

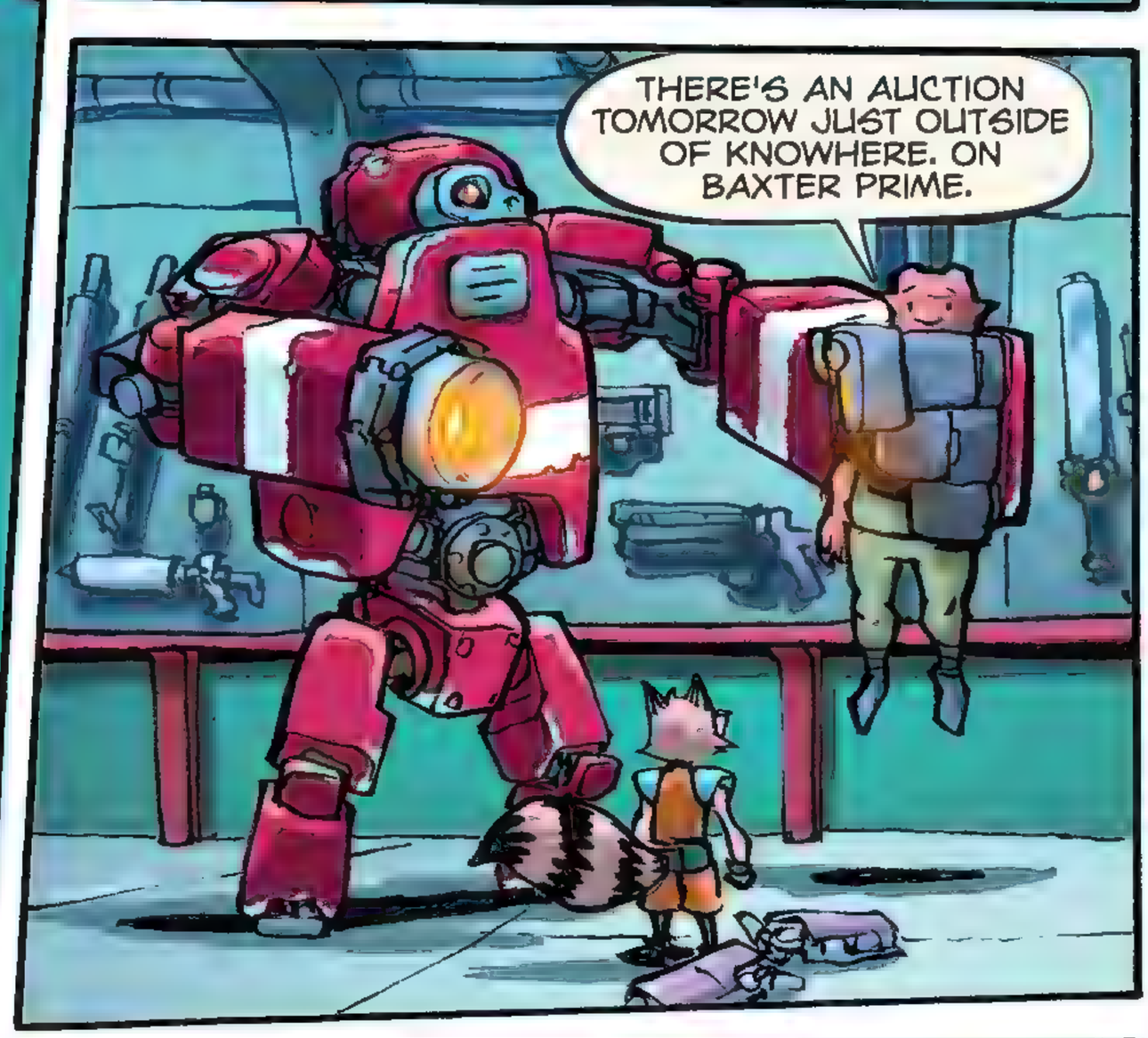
THAT'S FUNNY. BECAUSE YOU WERE QUICK TO OFFER UP A TRADE AS SOON AS YOU *SAW* THIS BIG GUY.
DOES HE LOOK LIKE SOMETHING YOU CAN TUCK DOWN THE BACK OF YOUR PANTS? YOU KNOW, FOR PERSONAL PROTECTION?

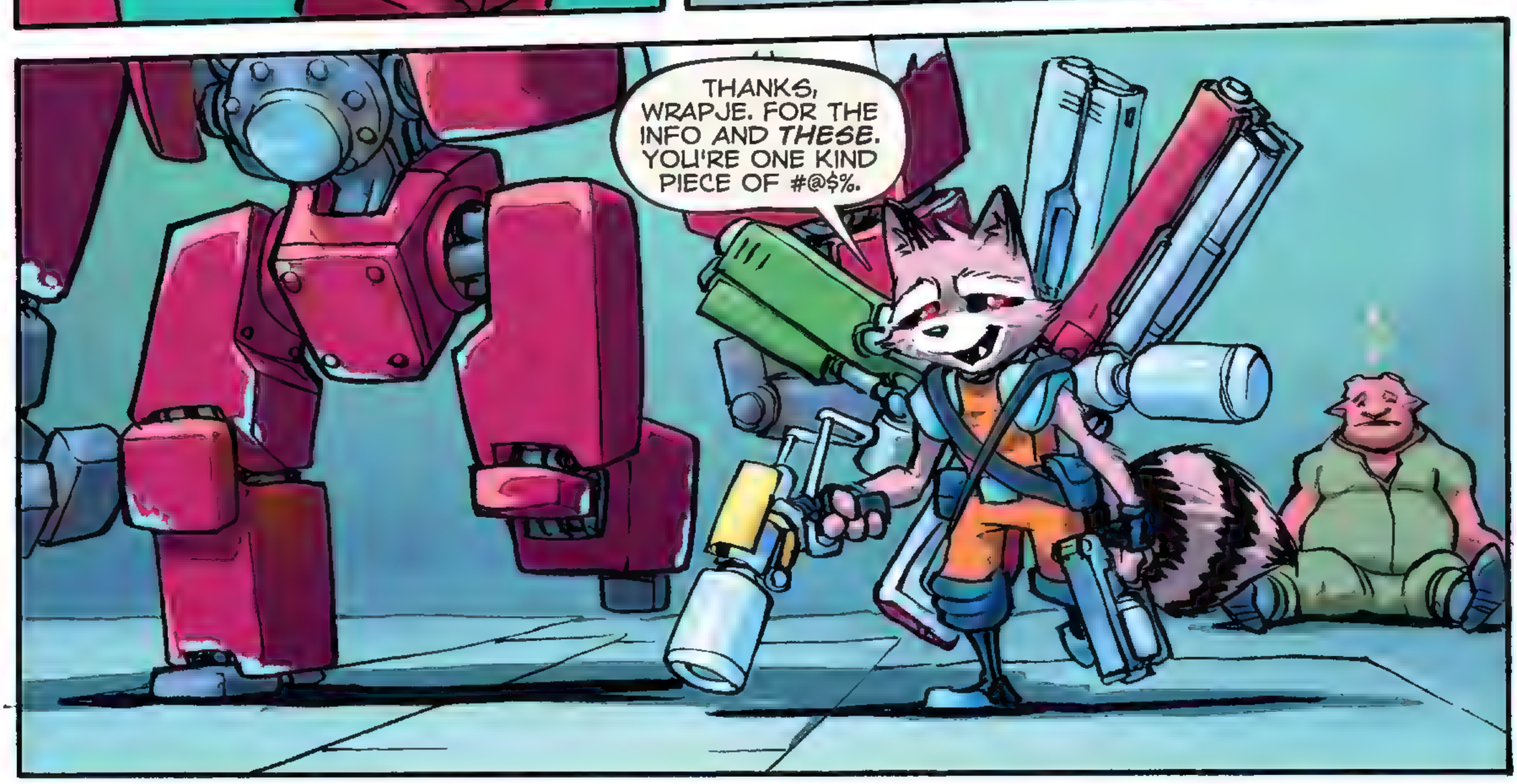
@10100010001110011!
EEP!


1010010100101!
OKAY, OKAY!


I HEARD ABOUT THIS GROUP OF OLD MECHS TAKEN FROM SOME SORT OF ROBOT UTOPIA.
A FEW OF THEM GOT SNATCHED UP. NO USE IN LETTING THEM WASTE AWAY WHEN YOU CAN PUT THEM BACK INTO CIRCULATION.
BATTLE MECHS AIN'T NO GOOD IF THEY AIN'T GOT NO BATTLES.

WHERE CAN WE FIND THEM?


THERE'S AN AUCTION TOMORROW JUST OUTSIDE OF KNOWHERE. ON BAXTER PRIME.


THANKS, WRAPJE. FOR THE INFO AND *THESE*. YOU'RE ONE KIND PIECE OF #@$%.

BAXTER PRIME. SATELLITE MOON NEAR KNOWHERE, HOME TO THE MARKET.

I'VE GOT VORDRUM *SQUIDS*. YOU'VE NEVER SEEN DEATH UNTIL YOU'VE SEEN A VORDRUM WRAP AN ENEMY UP!

--THE BEST CRYBON BLADES CREDITS CAN BUY. NO HEAD WILL GO UNSEVERED! GET THEM WHILE THEY LAST!

I'D TELL YOU TO TRY AND BLEND IN BUT YOU'RE A GIANT MECH WITH A SHEET WRAPPED AROUND YOU. PROBABLY SHOULD JUST GIVE YOU A SIGN THAT SAYS *I'M IN DISGUISE*.

01011010101.

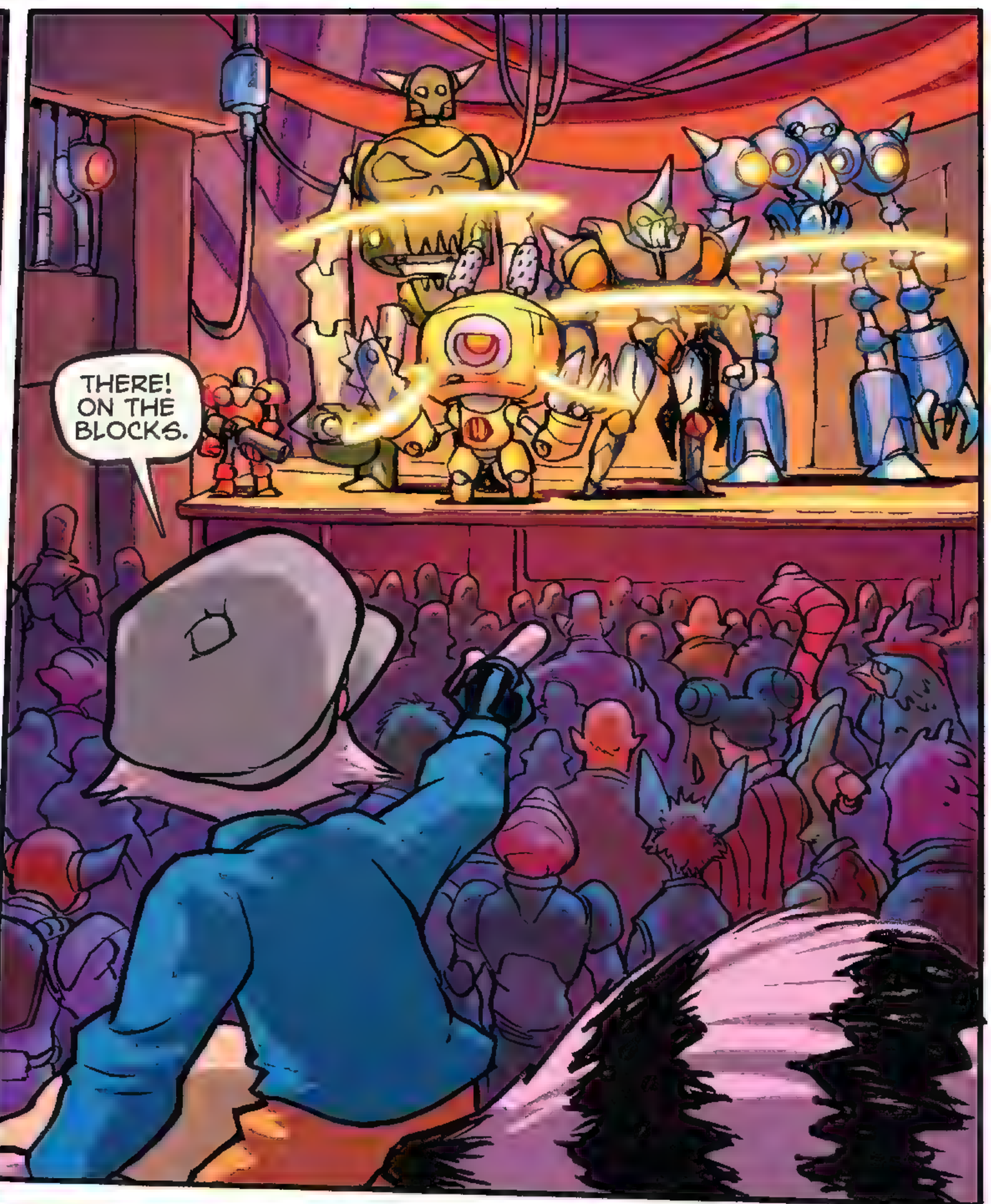
WELL, WHAT AM I *SUPPOSED* TO DO WITH IT?

IF I ROLL IT UP AND TUCK IN MY PANTS I'LL BE THE SHORT GUY IN A HAT WITH A TUMOR ON HIS BUTT.

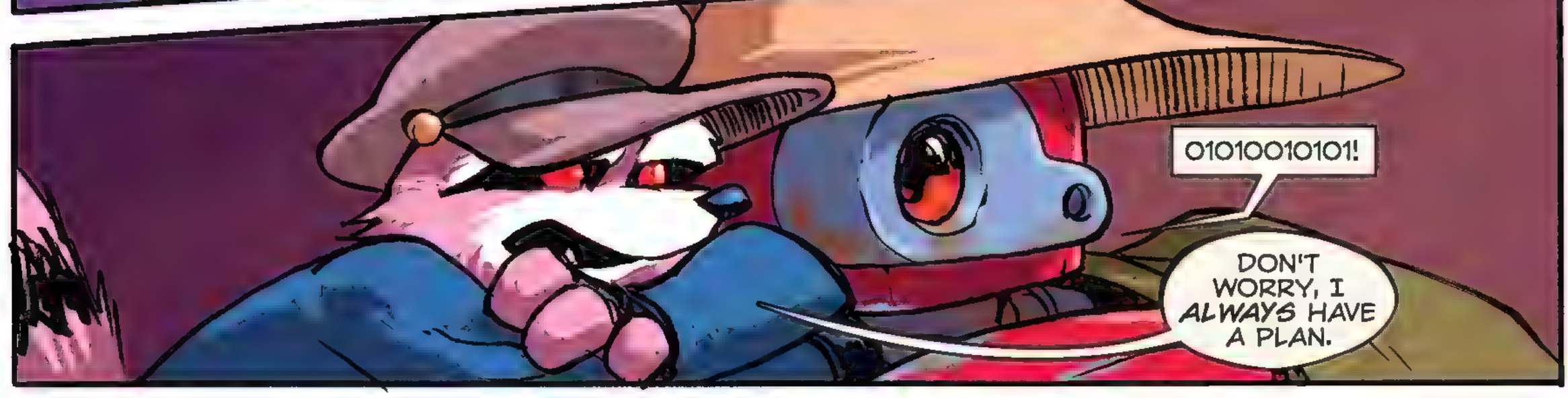
TRUST ME, I'D JUST ABOUT CUT THE THING OFF RATHER THAN BE SINGLED OUT HERE. PLENTY OF THESE FOLKS WILL PAY GOOD MONEY TO WEAR A *GUARDIAN'S* SKULL AROUND THEIR NECK.

NOW, GIMME A BOOST!

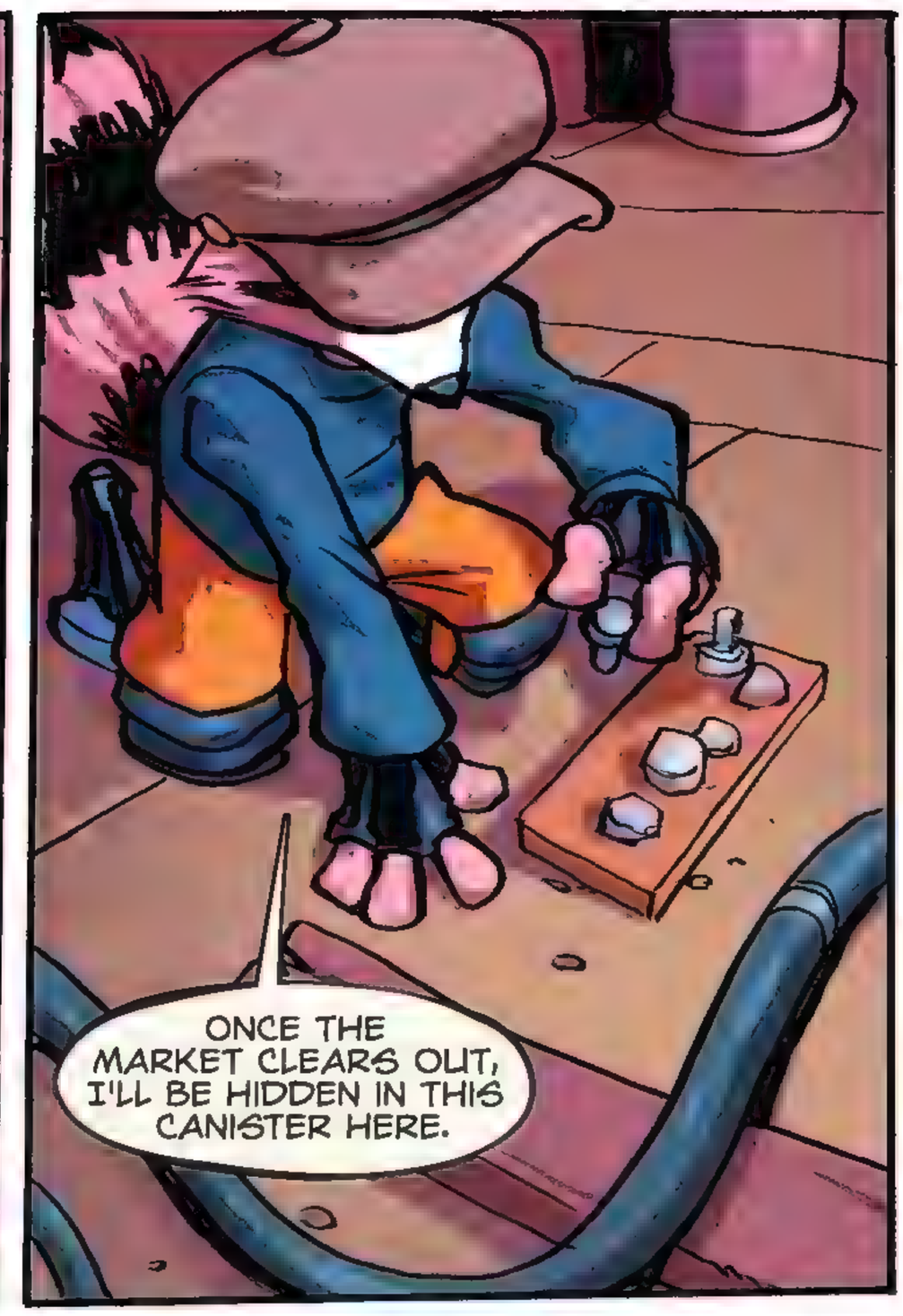
01111011!
SORRY, MAN. IT'S TOO CROWDED FOR ME TO GET A GOOD LOOK DOWN THERE.


THERE! ON THE BLOCKS.

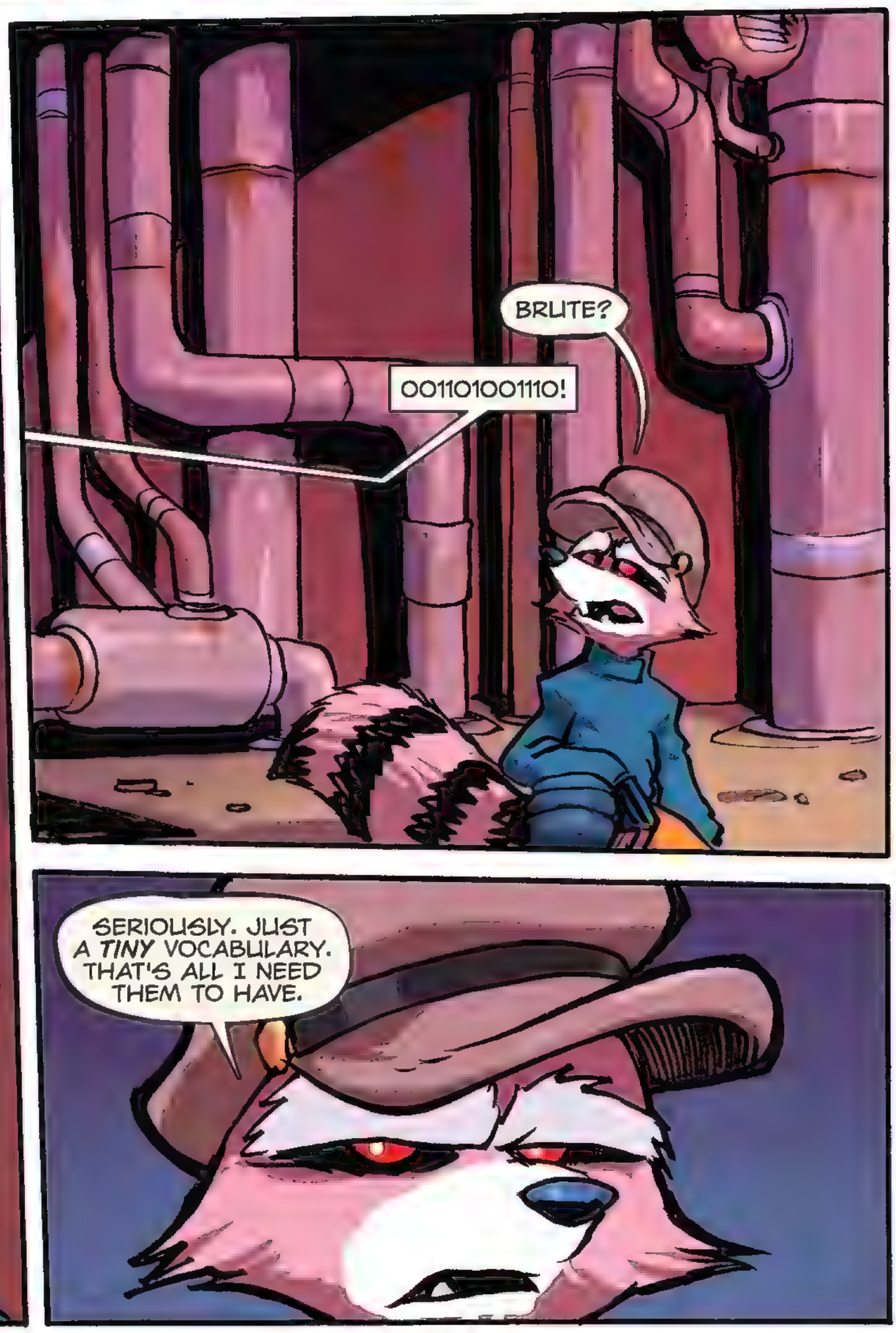
GET A GOOD LOOK, FOLKS. *WAR-GRADE MECHS*, UNTRACEABLE AND READY TO BE PROGRAMED HOWEVER YOU SEE FIT!
WE'LL START THE BIDDING FIRST THING IN THE MORNING SO SOAK THEM IN WHILE YOU CAN!


01010010101!
DON'T WORRY, I *ALWAYS* HAVE A PLAN.

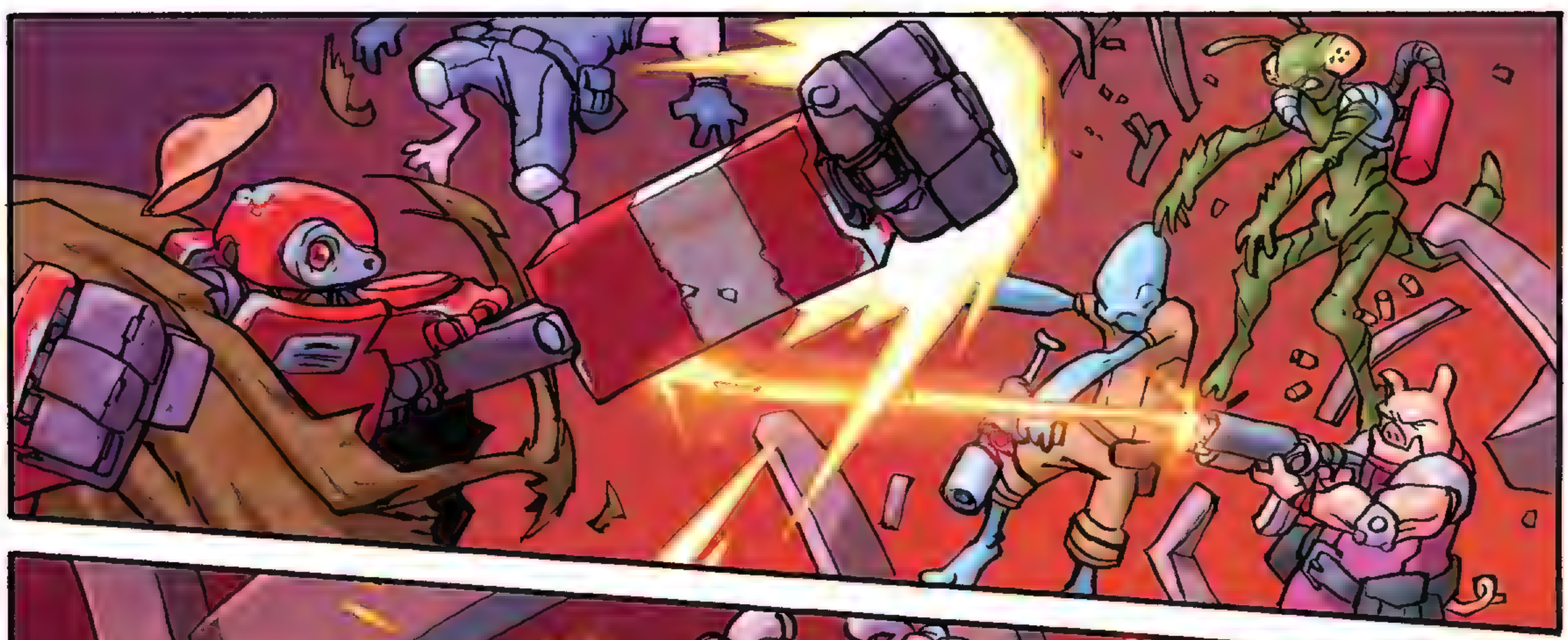
OKAY, SEE THAT GUARD OVER THERE? HE'S GOT THE KEY TO THE BOUNDING FIELD. WE TAKE HIM OUT, AND THEY'LL BE FREE.
WE'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL TONIGHT. IT'S TOO RISKY TO GO NOW, THERE'RE TOO MANY VARIABLES.

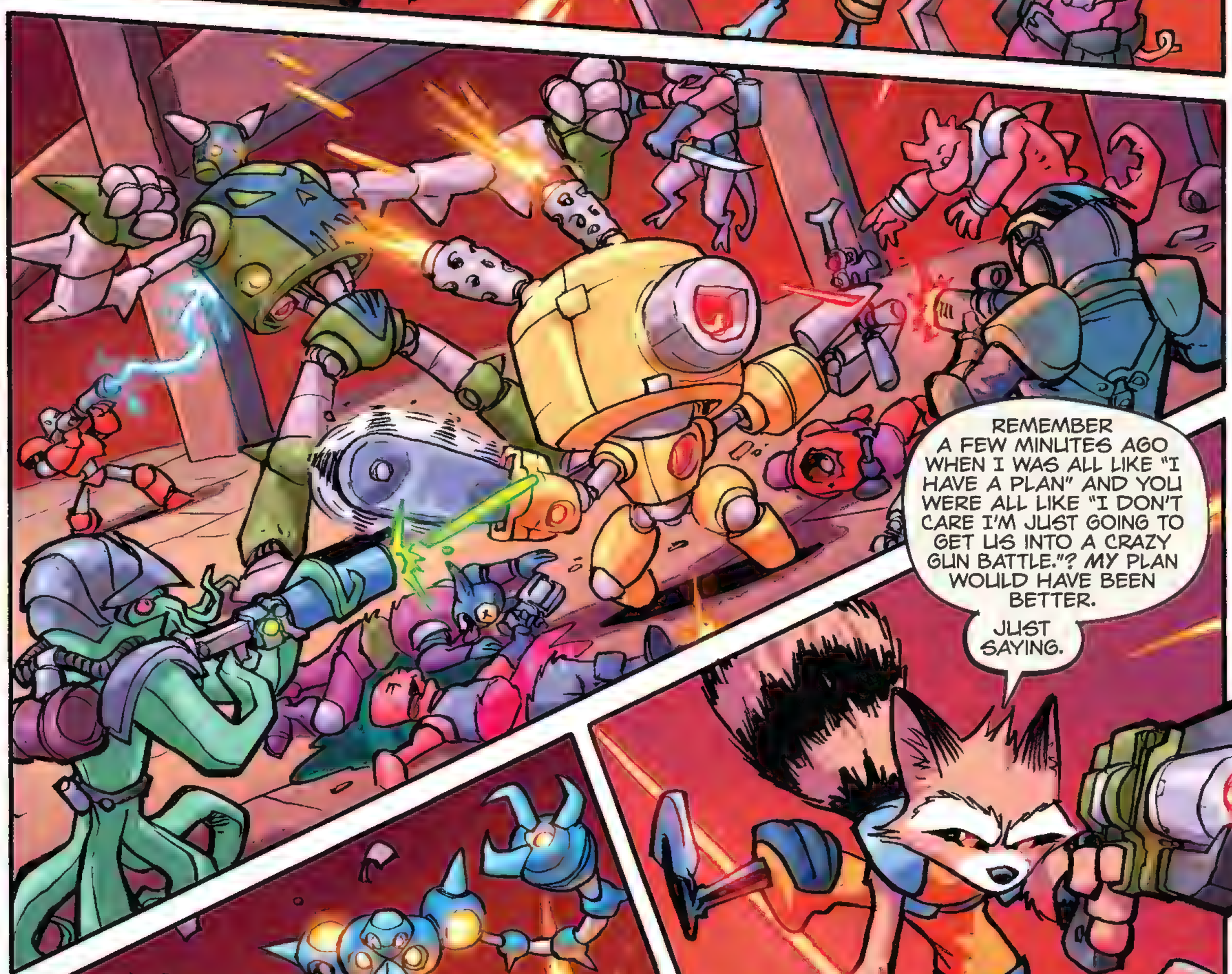

ONCE THE MARKET CLEARS OUT, I'LL BE HIDDEN IN THIS CANISTER HERE.

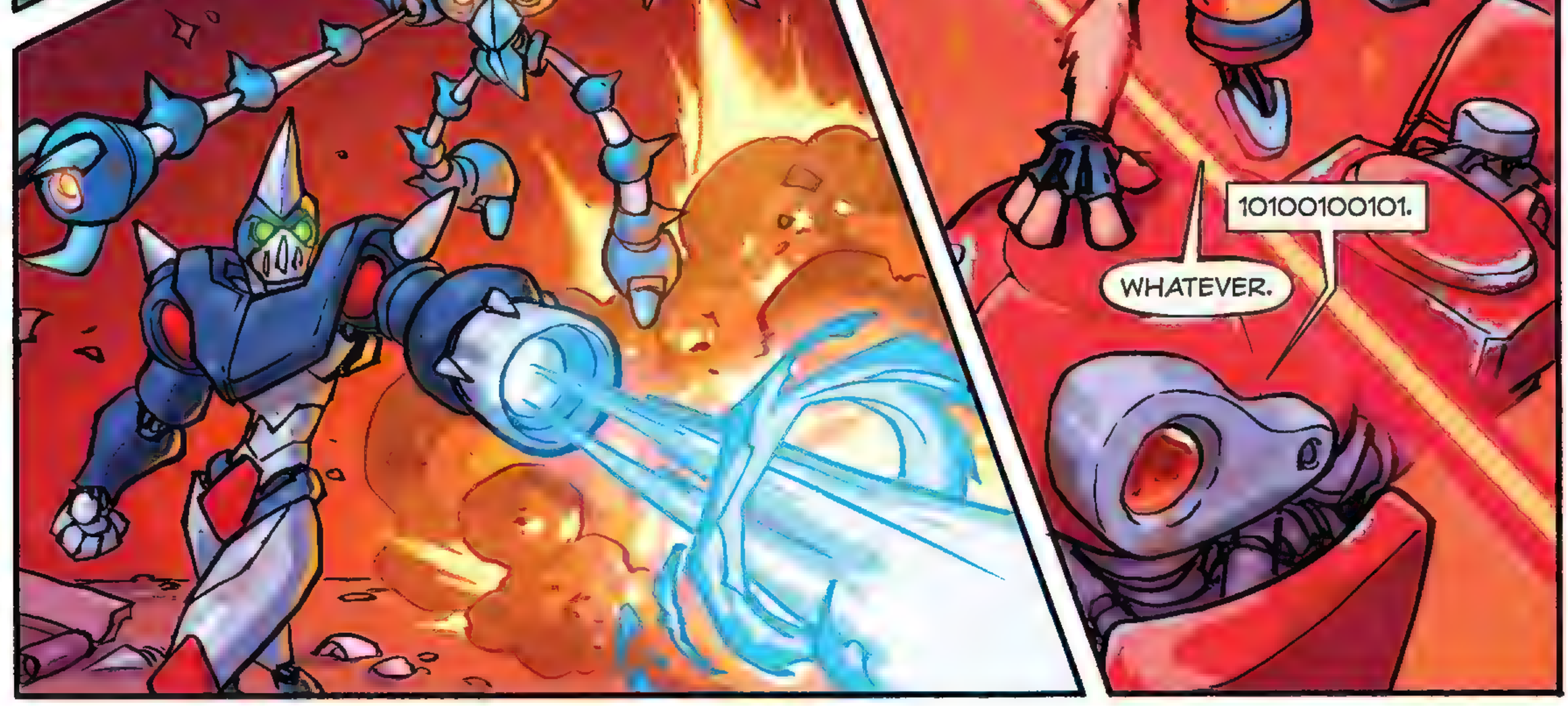
WHEN I GIVE THE SIGNAL, YOU WILL--

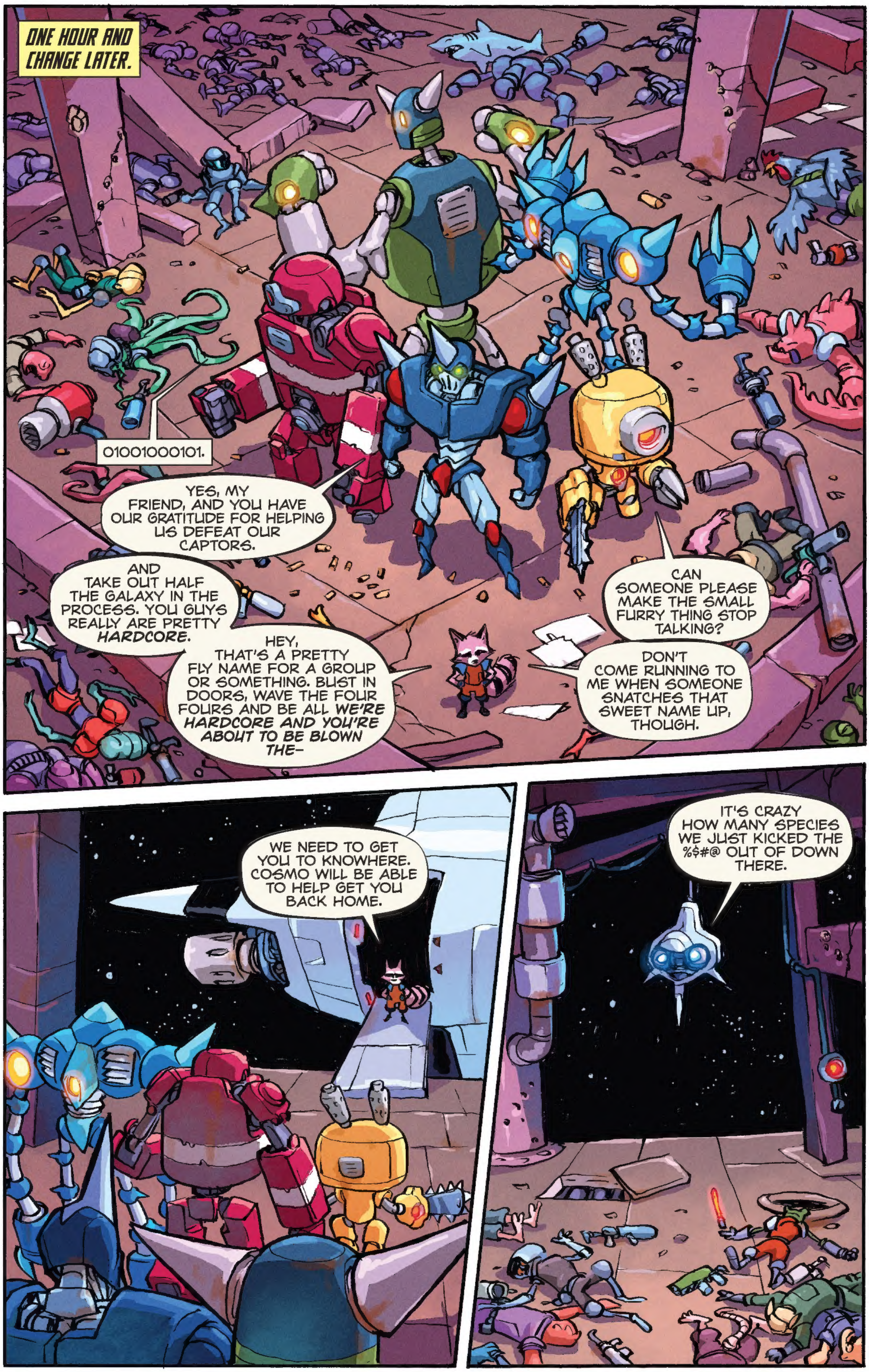

BRUTE?
001101001110!

SERIOUSLY. JUST A *TINY* VOCABULARY. THAT'S ALL I NEED THEM TO HAVE.




REMEMBER A FEW MINUTES AGO WHEN I WAS ALL LIKE "I HAVE A PLAN" AND YOU WERE ALL LIKE "I DON'T CARE I'M JUST GOING TO GET US INTO A CRAZY GUN BATTLE."? MY PLAN WOULD HAVE BEEN BETTER.
JUST SAYING.


10100100101.
WHATEVER.


ONE HOUR AND CHANGE LATER.
01001000101.
YES, MY FRIEND, AND YOU HAVE OUR GRATITUDE FOR HELPING US DEFEAT OUR CAPTORS.
AND TAKE OUT HALF THE GALAXY IN THE PROCESS. YOU GUYS REALLY ARE PRETTY *HARDCORE*.
HEY, THAT'S A PRETTY FLY NAME FOR A GROUP OR SOMETHING. BUST IN DOORS, WAVE THE FOUR FOURS AND BE ALL *WE'RE HARDCORE AND YOU'RE ABOUT TO BE BLOWN THE–*
CAN SOMEONE PLEASE MAKE THE SMALL FURRY THING STOP TALKING?
DON'T COME RUNNING TO ME WHEN SOMEONE SNATCHES THAT SWEET NAME UP, THOUGH.
WE NEED TO GET YOU TO KNOWHERE. COSMO WILL BE ABLE TO HELP GET YOU BACK HOME.
IT'S CRAZY HOW MANY SPECIES WE JUST KICKED THE %$#@ OUT OF DOWN THERE.

THE NEXT DAY.
BRUTE AND HIS FRIENDS HAVE BEEN TRANSPORTED BACK TO HOME. THEY THANK YOU, AND I THANK YOU.

YEAH, YEAH. JUST PUT YOUR HAND...PAW ON THE SCREEN TO CONFIRM AND I'LL GET YOU A RECEIPT.

ONE THING...
I'D LOVE TO KNOW WHAT WAS SO PERSONAL TO YOU ABOUT A BUNCH OF MECHS TURNED OLD MCDONALD.

THEY PROVIDE COSMO WITH THINGS CRUCIAL TO SURVIVAL. THAT IS ALL ROCKET NEED TO KNOW.
WE ARE NOW EVEN STEVEN, YES?

SURE. I'M OUT, DOG!

SECRET PLANET SOMEWHERE VERY SECRET.

DID YOU SEND OUT THIS MORNING'S SPECIAL BATCH TO OUR FRIEND?
BotsTown BAKERY

YES, SIR.
VERY GOOD. THANK YOU.

AWW. JUST WHAT I NEEDED.
VERY CRUCIAL TO COSMO SURVIVAL.
THE END.

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R
P
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ZOMPIE